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First to Last—The Truth—News—Editorials—Advertisements.
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The New Crisis in the Near East.

It is easy, it is natural, in the present crisis in the Near East to permit the details to obscure the greater fact. Thus the Cabinet crisis in Athens, the mobilization orders in Sofia, the unrest in Rome and Bucharest, are all but incidental manifestations of the single major incident. After five centuries the whole face of the Eastern Question is changing to the tune of the revolve of the allied guns on the forts of the Dardanelles.

Viewed from the Western standpoint, the Great War is a contest between rival nations, one more manifestation of jealousies as old as modern history, jealousies between peoples who have contended for many centuries for European supremacy. But viewed from the Balkans it is a final step in the liberation of races which Turkish tyranny and European rivalries have held in subjection for more than five centuries. It is a war of independence as unmistakable as any in human history.

A generation ago Europe, sitting about the table at the Congress of Berlin, condemned the Balkans to misery, to agony, to servitude. The sentence of death was passed because the ambitions of the British, the Austrians and the Russians conflicted. Millions who had fought for liberty, who had deserved it, millions of Serbs, of Greeks and of Bulgars, were given over to the Turks, lest Russia or Austria might unduly profit by their liberty, or England's pathway to her Indian Empire be imperilled by Russian possession of Constantinople.

Three years ago the Balkans broke from their servitude, and once more, with the same courage, devotion and with new efficiency, asserted their national rights. On the battlefields of Lule Burgas and Kumanovo, on the hills above Salonica, these three races earned liberty.

But Europe, immobilized by rivalries while the first Balkan war progressed, found refuge in intrigue and chicanery when the war was over. The Balkan Confederacy was shattered to suit Austrian purposes. The Turk came back to Adrianople. Among the allies of yesterday there was created a hatred more bitter than that each had felt toward the Turk.

In 1913, as at Berlin, Europe, to serve its selfish ends, again passed sentence upon the millions of the Balkans. But this time the sentence did not run. The answer to Austrian intrigue was made at Sarajevo, and the assassination of the Archduke was the signal to bring down upon Europe north of the Danube all the agonies it had visited upon the Serb, the Bulgar and the Greek.

To-day the fleets which are opening the road to Constantinople are also clearing the road for a new, a better Europe, since they are making possible the liberation of the races of the Balkans, whose misery has been like an infected limb slowly generating poison, which in the end was disseminated through the whole European body.

If Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, Rumania can now compose their jealousies; if to Bulgaria can be returned the lost children of the provinces taken by Serbia and Rumania; if the old Balkan Alliance can be restored, under the guidance of the sea powers, there may vanish from the chancelleries of Europe the greatest of all international problems.

Yet there can be no mistaking the wider aspect of the whole question. The Turk is about to surrender the last of his stolen lands. He is going back to Asia. But the Eastern Question does not begin at the Danube. The liberation of the Greek and the Bulgar does not close the fight of the Serb and the Rumanian in Austria for liberty. It does not dispose of the question of the Czech, the Slovak and the Slovene.

Rather, it seems accurate to say that with the going of the Turk the Eastern Question is removed to Austria. What the Allies are seeking to accomplish at the Dardanelles is not merely the overthrow of Turkish power in Europe, with the incidental liberation of the Balkan peoples, but the destruction of the foundation of the Hapsburg power, of the Central European Alliance.

The fall of Constantinople will be a fact only less considerable for the Austrian than for the Turk. It will provide the chance for settling the quarrels between the Balkan States, and this settlement will release Rumania and Greece, who can thereafter join their Serbian ally on the Hungarian frontier.

Not less important must be the effect of allied success upon Italy. Already her people are impatient at the delay which has kept Italian troops out of the Trentino and Italian warships from Trieste and the Venetian cities of Dalmatia, Italy, Rumania, Serbia, are thus longing for the lands inhabited by the people of their own race, but ruled by the Haps-

burgs. Greece hungers for her share of Asia Minor and hopes to see Austrian ambition to possess Salonica finally shattered.

The fall of Turkey is of little real moment to Europe now. Her exile has been too long discounted to excite great interest. What is vital to remember is that the fate of Vienna, of Austria, may be settled under the walls of Byzantium. The decision of the Great War may be had not in the North Sea, but on the Golden Horn.

Why an Extra Session?

The announcement from Albany that there is a growing likelihood of an extra session of the Legislature comes to the people of this town as a complete and unwelcome surprise.

For some weeks there has been an evident paralysis of legislative endeavor, a patent eagerness to introduce bills with no corresponding readiness to dispose of them, but to the present moment there has been no disclosure of any question sufficiently serious to warrant calling the Legislature together again.

The state is sick to death of extra sessions. For the last ten years there has been nothing but a succession of extraordinary convocations of Albany legislatures to perform the duties neglected at the regular meetings. Scandal, extravagance, waste of time and the money of the taxpayers have resulted invariably.

In 1914 the Republican party in this state told the voters that Democratic control had been inefficient, wasteful, frequently scandalous. The charge was true. The result of the campaign demonstrated that the electorate believed it. But in believing it and in choosing Republican legislators they had no intention to replace Democratic by Republican inefficiency, extravagance, ineptitude.

For an extra session in 1915 there is not the smallest excuse. Such a session will be a deliberate and willful waste of money at a time when state and city expenditures should be cut to the bone. Such a session will simply mean that the Republicans have failed as did the Democrats to develop leadership, to display ordinary intelligence and diligence in public service.

Still "Agin" the Railroads.

There is a fine flavor of ancient bigotry in Representative Moon's fulminations against the influences in Congress which frustrated his raid on the allowances made to the railroads for carrying the mails. He induced the House of Representatives to approve his project for reducing the pay of the railroads, although the latter have recently been saddled with the task of transporting, without additional compensation, a vastly increased volume of parcel post matter. The carriers are now underpaid about \$8,000,000 for this service. Yet Mr. Moon feels that they ought to face that loss cheerfully, besides accepting a cut in the rates for other mail.

The chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads is still a victim of the once popular obsession that the railroads should do any service required of them regardless of loss. Whether they made ends meet or not was a matter of concern to nobody but their stockholders. This theory was ridden to death by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But that body finally discovered that baiting the railroads no longer amused the public, which had begun to realize that when a great basic industry like transportation was depressed many other industries also suffered. The commission changed front. But Judge Moon still stands pat. Hard times have not shaken his conviction that the railroad business ought to be conducted on the basis of a no-dividend philanthropy.

Fortunately, the Senate disagreed with him and killed the postoffice appropriation bill. He now threatens to renew his war on railway pay next winter. But with signs multiplying on every side of a disposition to treat the railroads fairly even the most rooted of the starvation stand-patters may relent. At the next session Judge Moon may find himself about the only old-fashioned railroad scalper left on the Congressional reservation.

Paying for the Jobs.

We have received the following letter: To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Now the labor problem is drawing the attention of our governmental and charitable agencies, will you allow us to bring to your notice a grievance which ought to find a voice in the political platform of 1916 of both parties? I refer to the fees we are compelled to pay after a long hunt for employment. A worker must put up his 10 per cent to pay the office fee, and I know of many cases this winter where men have been obliged to pawn their personal effects to enable them to secure work.

I would suggest to our politicians to investigate the enormous number of registry offices in New York, some making large profits; one I have in mind situated near Fifth Avenue, paying many thousands of dollars rent, and also for a large staff of office helpers, which derives 75 per cent of its income from the servant's fee. We suggest that a fair and just profit for the small services rendered should not be over 5 per cent. The present rate of about 14 per cent for the simple service of bringing two parties together is one of the reasons we have the servant problem, and is also unjust to all other classes of employment.

Our desire is either a governmental employment agency or a repeal of the present laws, so that the office fee can be reduced to 5 per cent, so as to help the worker to get work at a reasonable cost to himself and a just profit to the registry office.

Yours truly, ONE OF THE EMPLOYED.

New York, March 6, 1915.

However great the hardship for men and women reduced wellnigh to desperation after long struggling to find work, the law provides for a 10 per cent fee from those who obtain employment through a private agency. It is not now necessary to seek help from private agencies, however. There exist a state and a municipal employment agency, both free, and there is in process of evolution a federal free employment agency.

General prosperity in this country has heretofore minimized the ever present

problem of unemployment, the acuteness of which this winter has caused it to be studied from many angles by governmental bodies. In all proposals for betterment of conditions the maintenance of public free employment bureaus and the extension of their range as widely as possible have taken prominent place.

It is recognized as illogical and cruel that the unemployed, lacking resources through the faulty operation of the great business machine, should have to pay to get work. Employers for a time will doubtless continue to send to private agencies for workers, but this can be only for a time. The public free employment agency is bound to supplant the private agency, and it should.

Unemployment is no longer a matter of individual shortcomings or faults; it is a byproduct of the imperfect economic system which imperfect humanity has reared. It is the public's concern, and the public—through its officials—must take care of the victims. As a part of that process of caring for the individuals the work of the free employment agencies is important.

Against that no mere profit-making for private interests, when it is in competition with necessary and desirable public work, can stand.

Journalistic Reform in Wichita.

The Honorable "Vic" Murdock is about to show his almost native Wichita how to run a newspaper. Twelve years ago he projected his red-headed personality into the serene social climate of the national capital and observed and inhaled; and now, having absorbed cosmopolitanism into his inner being, he intends introducing certain revolutionary changes in the timeworn policy of "The Wichita Daily Eagle."

First and foremost among these is to be a "sane and adjectiveless society page." Mrs. Wilberforce Dustin-Rocks (alias Mrs. Will D. Rocks, wife of the properly esteemed druggist and banker) will henceforth be no longer beautiful and charming—in print. She will not be "becomingly" gowned, and her dinner party will cease to be "delightful." All references to flowers will be omitted.

The Honorable "Vic" should be complimented. In this simple proposal he has demonstrated his complete emancipation from the kindly provincialism of the corn belt where the church sociable still attracts the "elite," where the bride remains "sweet," "girlish" and "lovely," the young man "popular."

And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen.

"I get tired of reading those fluffy society notes in the newspapers," Mr. Murdock has announced. Granted. But will the folks back home appreciate this enlightenment of their neighbor? Will they share this weariness cultivated in a school they have never attended? The Honorable "Vic" had better beware lest Wichita, suddenly stripped of her accustomed social garments, turn on her favorite son.

Well Done, Mr. Fetherston!

Street Cleaning Commissioner Fetherston has been criticised so severely for his failure to handle previous snowfalls adequately that it is only fair to him to say that the latest one of the winter could hardly have been removed more quickly. Bad as it was, its interference with traffic was probably slighter than was the case with its immediate predecessor. Motor ploughs were put at work on Fifth Avenue and other streets while the snow was still falling, and gangs of men flushed streets and shoveled snow into sewers, so that some thoroughfares were open practically all the time.

Of course, it costs money to fight a snowfall in this manner, but it undoubtedly costs less than to wait until the storm is over and then send out shovel gangs and wagons in the old way. Motor ploughs and streams from hose are potent persuaders, and when used from the beginning of a storm leave no chance of victory with the snow.

Whether the big bakers dropped the price of bread because the price of wheat had declined or because they couldn't hold their business at six cents a loaf, the relief is welcome.

Bryan Rushes Blunt Warning to Carranza.—Headline.

Carranza's favorite breakfast food is an ultimatum from Watchful Waiting headquarters.

If slovenly wives drive men to drink, as the Boston probation officer contends, it is equally true that drinking men make wives slovenly.

It is perfectly true, as Dr. Brandenburg says, that there are too many stenographers cooking.

The campfire girls have donned their war paint and feathers.

Ramapo water grabs don't seem destined to prosper.

College's Weather Policy.—Headline.

This is higher education.

Constantinople and the Price of Bread.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The complete silencing of the Turkish forts in the Bosphorus by the Allies is looked forward to with more than passing interest—a most important event that will materially aid in reducing the cost of living. In less than a month the loaf of bread—in weight and cost—will and must return to normal conditions. In my opinion the price of bread should be inducted, and if found guilty be thrown into prison. That is the quickest and surest method of relieving the people from black-mail. A group of men solely actuated by motives of selfishness and greed, who by trickery and cunning control the necessities of life are dangerous to the nation at large. They load and charge the gun, which only wants the lighted fuse to start a revolution.

In short, the officials of a government of the people and by the people should protect the people from extortion. UBIQUE.

New York, March 6, 1915.

IN DEFENCE OF GENERAL WOOD

His Approval of the American Legion Proper and Patriotic.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: When an army officer like General Wood can be denounced to the President of the United States by a man like Bishop Greer for having approved the plans and purposes of the American Defence Legion, it is time to say that American patriotism and the American sense of proportion have both reached a mighty low ebb.

Suppose General Wood "officially" disowned the legion and had "officially" promoted its propaganda? Would that have been one jot or tittle any more or any less than his duty to his country and his countrymen? I challenge all men to show wherein there is one thing unpatriotic, unwise or untimely in any of the plans and purposes of the legion. If Congress will not heed the voice of the people regarding the increase of the defenders of this nation then it is high time for the people to act in the matter independently!

The men who have founded the legion are wise, patriotic and far-seeing men, and I wish that I had been invited to become one of them. As an American citizen, I sincerely hope that General Wood and every other officer of the United States Army, active and retired, and every official of our War Department will both personally and officially back the legion. For every citizen who may denounce them for doing so, I am sure there will be 10,000 who will uphold them.

The opponents of the increase of our national defenses are, of course, God-fearing men, and I wish that I had been invited to become one of them. As an American citizen, I sincerely hope that General Wood and every other officer of the United States Army, active and retired, and every official of our War Department will both personally and officially back the legion. For every citizen who may denounce them for doing so, I am sure there will be 10,000 who will uphold them.

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What Congress Didn't Do.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Now that the 63d Congress has passed into that delightful state of innocuous desuetude which periodical occurrence is alone responsible for the benevolent tolerant attitude of the American people toward all Congresses, let us set ourselves seriously to the task of rebuilding our prestige abroad. And if we cannot be grateful for what Congress has done, let us at least show some amount of gratitude for what it has not done.

It has not shot off its head and gone to war with Europe in defence of the more or less mythical "rights of neutrals." It has not re-established its "service of mankind" regime in Mexico, its non-interfering democracy, and that is by no means everything else. The country has again had the experience of government by the Democratic party, and, I am sure, convinced of the highly negligible quality of such government.

And yet, in spite of this, Democratic continuity is assured; success will be with them at every election and business and politics will remain at a standstill, unless the Republican party and some two millions of dyed-in-the-wool Progressives can come to an understanding. A house divided against itself cannot stand—1912 proved it. Do we desire further proof? There is one and only one sure way of defeating Democracy, and that is by firm, united opposition. The Progressives and Republicans unite! Surely the game is worth the candle.

New York, March 7, 1915.

Saving Food Scraps.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I was interested to read in this morning's Tribune of Mrs. Zellner's dream, as it must be the realization of a great piece of work accomplished in London recently by a member of the Women's Emergency Corps, who did not solve the problem of feeding the refugees and the starving multitude by a dream, but by a piece of real logical brain work, so successful did this idea of Miss Carey's prove, of gathering up waste food from the big hotels, apartments and other residences in London.

It outgrew the scope of the corps of voluntary helpers, which organized it and took charge of it for many weeks, and is now taken over by the government. It is called the National Food Fund. A large number of our institutions and charities are provided daily with pure, fresh food gratis, that had not been for the idea of this woman would to-day have been wasted, not only for the sake of the people, but for the sake of the government. I sincerely hope Mrs. Zellner's dream will realize what Miss Carey's insight has already accomplished, and I should be glad to give any assistance of my knowledge in the working out of the problem if she or Dr. Goldwater is going to make this thing what could mean the salvation of thousands of destitute in this and other cities.

Yours truly, IRISAN COPSEY.

New York, March 7, 1915.

Telephones in Tottenville.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

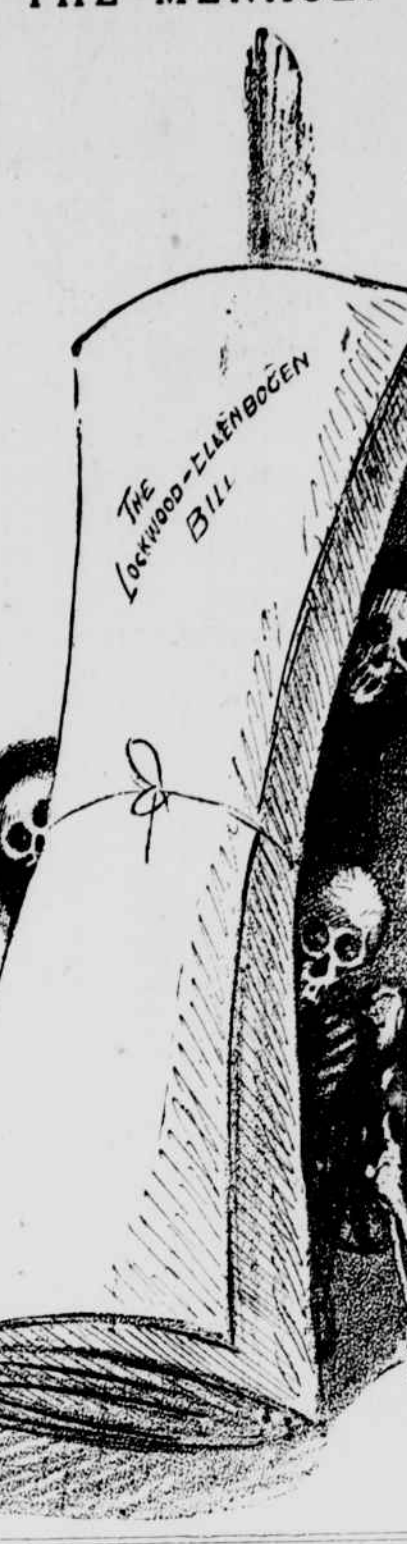
Sir: To-day's papers inform the public that in order to forestall legislation compelling a flat rate of five cents for telephone calls throughout greater New York, the New York Telephone Company offers to install such rate July next between Manhattan, south of Harlem and any part of the city except two outlying districts. We would like to know just why Far Rockaway and Tottenville are placed in the "undesirable class."

No doubt the telephone company would answer that there is not business enough in these places to warrant such rate. On the other hand, might not the opening up of these districts to an equal plane with the rest of the city make for an increased number of telephone subscribers? We think it would.

We cannot speak for Rockaway, but there is a little joke about the Tottenville station that possibly is not known to those who think the company is exceedingly generous in its proposition. There is no telephone station in Tottenville. The "Tottenville Central" is in Perth Amboy, N. J. Just to show how true in this locality are held up by this proposition, let us state the situation. There are, perhaps, ten thousand or more people in this so-called Tottenville district. We have to trade in Manhattan or Perth Amboy. If a subscriber wishes to call up a New York store he pays extra. If he wishes to call up a store in Perth Amboy, N. J., next door to the telephone station (Tottenville Central) he pays extra, but if he wishes to speak to his next door neighbor on Staten Island about the weather he speaks via New Jersey, and for this he is not overcharged.

Now, in telephone geography, do we belong to New York City or to some town over in Jersey, or to Bermuda?

I want a telephone in my home, but heretofore have taken the time to write because



HONEST ADVERTISING

Tribune Thanked in Behalf of Those of Small Means.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: You deserve credit for your plea for honest advertising. It is mainly the persons who have to try to make a little money go a long way, persons who try to look decent, keep clean and fairly well dressed, who read advertising bargains. These persons are among the most useful and most deserving of good of any part of our people. To impose upon them under any guise is infamous.

In serving honesty you serve all the people. No honest man can judge other judgment than this.

WILLIAM WILKINSON.

New York, March 6, 1915.

Calls Repeal of Alien Law a Crime.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It would be interesting to know just what proportion of the general public agree with the editors and statesmen who are in favor of repealing the law, and that to protect the American workman entitled to protection from the foreign workman in this country the same as from the foreign workman abroad?

This isn't a labor union defence—the labor unions are able to look after themselves. But why hasn't the native American, at least, the naturalized American, if not the native, some rights? The repeal of this section of the labor law will be nothing less than a crime. A. M. ADAMS.

Brooklyn, March 6, 1915.

About Our National Air.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: "W. H. B." and "W. F. O. Hearn," whose letters regarding the Star-Spangled Banner have lately appeared in The Tribune, would do well to read the exhaustive article by Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel on the "Centennial of American Song," published in your issue of September 13 last, or they can obtain from the Government Printing Office, in Washington, a report on the origin and history of the song by Oscar G. T. Sonneck, chief of the Division of Music in the Library of Congress.

The music of our national air is not of native origin, nor was it inspired by the words of Francis Scott Key. It is simply the English drinking song "To Anacreon in Heaven," written by John Stafford Smith about the beginning of the last century of the eighteenth century for the Anacreontic Society of London.

A. E. G.

New York, March 5, 1915.

American Children Will Suffer.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Some time ago I saw in some New York newspaper that 10,000 foreign employees were discharged so that American citizens could take their places. Just think how many of these foreign men have American born children. Are the subway contractors going to take the bread away from the children because the father is not American born?

Take this into consideration, that the foreign contractors will also put the American people out of their employment. This is a free country, and I think that one man is as good as the other.

LOUIS THERN.

New York, March 7, 1915.

THE CRISIS IN MEXICO.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your article under above heading in Sunday's issue was timely, but touches lightly the mistakes of President Wilson in his Mexican policy. Having assumed the office of President of the United States his thoughts seemed to centre on Mexico, and he apparently announced: "Huerta has got to go."

But Huerta did not go, so he went out of his way to pick a quarrel over a trifling incident, in which Americans were at fault, and finally to make good his words, "Huerta has got to go," he used our army and navy to make war on Mexico, bombarded their chief port, killed scores of their people at the cost of many untimely funerals in our states, and spent millions of dollars to make Huerta salute our flag, but without success.

In ignoring and throwing blocks in the way of the de facto President of Mexico, our schoolmaster is largely responsible for the present crisis in Mexico.

IRA DIMOCK.

Hartford, Conn., March 8, 1915.

The Conning Tower

DENVER, COL.

East and West, as Vivienne says, are sisters under their skins. Some of the men in New York who are doing fine things are called grandstanders and fourflushers by those who do not believe that such things are done because they ought to be done, who cannot see that they are done because the Knight always must attack the Dragon. You can hear Dr. Wiley called a crook and a grafter without stirring out of a New York canning factory; and you have only to telephone a drug store or two to find out, by asking the proprietor, that Dr. Goldwater is a gallery player and in the pay of the medical trust. And, unless things have changed since I left sea-level, you can ascertain, without even getting off Fifth Avenue, that Samuel Hopkins Adams is a liar, a thief and a penny (Why pay more?—Adv't.) sensationalist.

This is why, when I told a Denver man that I wanted to see Ben Lindsey and he said that Lindsey was no good and a menace and a worker of great harm to Colorado and a circus player—that is why I thought that perhaps it might not be true. . . . Not that I believe that fourflushery and buncombe and fooling the public are Lost Arts. However, I am trying to write about Lindsey, not about Hearst or Elbert Hubbard or Bryan.

I was biased in Lindsey's favor. I confess. Let me say, for the benefit of those who may have forgotten and those who think the world is bounded on the west by Seventh Avenue and on the east by Third Avenue, that Ben B. Lindsey is Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver. It is a local institution, specializing in the correction and protection of the city's children—all minors being children. In 1914 it cost the city about \$20,000. That included Lindsey's salary, the salaries of probation officers, an assistant judge, a stenographer—I don't know what else, but \$20,000 paid for everything. That year it dealt with the immediate troubles and wants of more than a thousand parents and children. How many more came under its strong influence it is hard to guess; the number must be large. In 1914 the district court of Denver dealt with fewer than 2,000 cases—the figures come from a Denver Post man—mostly property cases, and cost the state and city about \$200,000.

Lindsey was elected to his present term by a majority of 35,000, the largest any candidate for a local office ever received. He has been elected or appointed to the office ten times in twelve years. Twice he ran on independent tickets—once entirely alone, when he received a plurality of 16,000 votes.

There is no doubt that Denver wants Lindsey. So Lindsey's enemies, who are more powerful than numerous, are trying to have the Juvenile Court abolished. Being one more reason why the editor of this Indestructible Ignorance cannot understand the great American pastime, politics.

Ben Lindsey is short and thin. He is growing heavier, they say, and he now weighs 110 pounds, about 100 lbs. He is between forty and fifty years of age. Except for a pair of remarkably clear, searching eyes, the kind known as "sympathetic," he is a commonplace looking little man with a black nose. And he is commonplace and a "man of the people," precisely as Lincoln was these things.

Anybody can walk right into Lindsey's court. You don't need any press pass or any letter of introduction. As I came in the Judge was hearing a complaint against a man who had been hiring young girls to go on the stage. The girls who went, it was charged, were taken out to the rough towns in Colorado and exposed to dangers they were too young to contend with. The manager who hired them was talking to the Judge.

"I tell the girls, I always tell 'em, Judge, that they got to see you first," he was saying.

"These girls' parents tell me," said Lindsey, "that you say this court indorses your show. I've never seen your show, for one thing; and I don't indorse it, for another."

"No, Judge, I never tell 'em no such a thing, Judge. I tell 'em they ought to go to you to get premission to work. They say they will, but they don't. They're liars, most of 'em. They're just crazy to get on the stage."

"What kind of show do you give?"

"Minstrel show, Judge. Been in show business for fifteen years. Always been on the level and never been in jail in this state."

"What do girls do in a minstrel show?"

"It's a female minstrel show."

"Leg show?"

"N-no, sir. The girls wears short dresses, that's all. Singin' an' dancin'. We play the little towns around here."

"Well," said Lindsey, "I'm going to send a man around now to look at one of your rehearsals; and maybe we can tell more about it then. If you're all right, we won't interfere with you. But it's worth while looking into it, it keeps a lot of little girls from being foolish and then regretting it the rest of their lives."

"Sure, Judge. Thank you."

"And the man went out. He and his action will be watched. And the likelihood is that the next 'minstrels' if he have any, will be girls of an age beyond the jurisdiction of the court."

(MORE COMING TO-MORROW.)

F. P. A.

Fasted Jewels

If a great thought comes to you, utter it, advises Emerson in one of his essays; otherwise somebody else will say it the following day, week, and you will kick yourself for letting his beat you to it. These are not exactly Emerson's words, but you get the idea.

Well, twice we penned a jape about Von Hindenburg, and twice we threw it on the floor. Imagine, then, our bitter regret when Charlie Collins dashed off the very same joke and passed it to us with a "Here's a wheeze for you." We now have no right longer to withhold this splendid jape: "Von Hindenburg to Grand Duke Nicholas: 'You've gotta show me; I'm from Mazuria.'—B. J. T., in the Chicago Tribune.